

NINETY-EIGHTH YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

YOUNG ST. LOUIS ON ROLLER SKATES ENJOYS FAD SO INTENSELY THAT
DANCING AND OTHER FORMS OF WINTER AMUSEMENT ARE NEGLECTED

An Expert in the Art of Gliding on the Little Wheeled Shoes Gives Some Valuable Pointers to Tyros Desirous of Becoming Adept—Too Enthusiastic Followers of the Pastime Compelled by Rules to Take Needed Rest.



POLO AS IT IS PLAYED ON ROLLER SKATES.



CHAS FRANKS, CHAMPION

MISS GOLDIE E. FRANKS (PINK)
CHAMPION CHILD SKATER.

MISS CLARENCE WHITE

SOCIETY ARRIVING
AT THE RINK

MRS. HORACE RUMSEY



MISS ADELE ARMSTRONG

MISS EUGENIA
LAMBERT

MISS DOROTHY ANHEUSER



MISS LUCILLE CAMPBELL

HOW TO LEARN ROLLER SKATING.

BY AN EXPERT.

The student who wishes to learn the art of roller skating should, first and foremost, purchase a pair of roller skates. This is essential.

After purchasing a pair of skates, the student should go to a skating rink and, after paying his admission, should immediately retire to the dressing-rooms, where he will meet a number of young men, who will make him feel good by telling him of the experiences they had during the early stages of their roller-skating education. After hearing these stories the student will think of broken noses, arms and sudden death, but he should be fearless and ready to do as he is told.

A student can, if he desires, go on the floor wearing only the roller skates and his ordinary garment, but it is advisable to safeguard a bit by wrapping several yards of automobile tires around the waist and chest. The adjustment of an automobile cushion is also considered a good suggestion, as the student may not alone want to sit down, but he may involuntarily sit down when he least expects it.

No one can teach the student how to skate on roller skates, but it is well to have an instructor for two potent reasons. One is that the instructor acts as a sort of a spiritual aid. Another reason is that the instructor needs the money.

Once on the floor, the student should leave everything to the skates. Let them do the work. After he has fallen to the floor, which will occur soon after he has made his first stride, he should arise slowly and look around to see if anyone saw him fall. Everyone will have seen him fall, to be sure, and the student should not feel chagrined. In order to check the temper, the student should repeat over and over again the words: "Everybody works but father."

The student will discover, after he has fallen the first time, that a determination has arisen within him. He will mentally resolve to learn the game or die. He will then make another stride, and fall again. After arising and getting his balance he will make another stride, and fall again. By this time he will feel accustomed to falling. He will also feel sore, doubtless, but he should not let this deter him. Keep right at it. Rockefeller says that hard knocks never hurt any man, and he ought to know.

In the surf. Surf-bully sport that you don't know when you've got enough."

Standing outside one of the St. Louis skating rinks the sound of the gliding rollers from within reminds one of the rumbling of a great waterfall. Go inside and one sees a thousand skaters sailing over the floor, not one of them seeming to exert a single muscle. The skater just rolls along in the even tenor of his way, an occasional fall here and there being the only break in what is in all other respects an even picture.

The skaters go by in singles and dou-

bles. The romantic folk say that there is much more sentiment and inspiration in the roller skate glide than in the two-step. It is less tiresome, also. There is the music, too. No well-equipped skating rink should be minus an orchestra. The melody also helps to lessen the shock when someone falls head over heels and is forced to scramble to the "side lines" for safety.

The crowd may roll around for an hour without a mishap. Then of a sudden there will be an awful crash, followed by peals of laughter. It is someone falling, that is all. No fear of ridicule, however. They have all been in the early stages of the roller science themselves.

The St. Louis promoters of the skating science are thinking seriously of perfecting some sort of a pneumatic protector for the safety of beginners. Such a protector would necessarily look like an exaggerated example of a grilliron outfit. If adopted it would undoubtedly prove a source of profit to the skating rink, for a man rigged out in the beginner's regalia would no doubt be the funniest thing ever seen on this earth and everyone would want to see him. It is estimated that no less than 500 persons participate in the new fad in St. Louis every night. The matinees are proving almost as popular as the night sessions. Students of Homer Hall, the Forest Park Academy and Mary Institute are doling the theaters, restaurants and ice-cream parlors down to the rinks, there to indulge in the latest and most sensational of recreative sports. Why? Well, it is the craze, that's all. Everyone is talking about roller skates.

The instructor is having his harvest, too. Just as there are persons who won't learn to dance of their own accord, but prefer a teacher, just so are there those who can't see themselves on roller skates unless there is someone to show them how to do it. Roller skating, like everything else in this world, is learned by hard knocks. The instructor can't keep one from falling, but he lends a sort of a spiritual aid to the beginner, and as he needs the money no one blames him.

Some of the most prominent society folk in St. Louis are getting up early in the morning to take private instructions in the gentlemanly and lady-like art of roller skating. Others have passed the early stages of the game and are now full-fledged participants.

Skating rink parties are the rule now. There are night parties and matinee parties. The profit of the rink manager are of great consequence, however, and he can't give up his space to the early evening parties. Not having the power of injunction, the dance-hall man has about resigned himself to his fate and only hopes that he may be able some day to own a skating rink.

In the meantime the wise promoter of the rinks is growing fat seeing the dollars roll in, for it costs money to get on the rink, even if one doesn't know how to skate, and the popularity of the fad is ever increasing instead of being on the wane.

Another feature is soon to be introduced that will lend materially to the success of the sport. The fad of roller skating has

ROLLER SKATING AN AID TO HEALTH
AND BEAUTY, DECLARE DEVOTEES

Professors of the art of roller skating say the new fad is an aid to health and beauty. They say this with great solemnity. They mean it.

Roller skating exercises every muscle of the body, they say, and better still, it exercises gently. There is not the violence of baseball or tennis in skating on the rollers, nor is there any danger of the skater that one meets in football.

Roller skating, they say, brings the flush of health to the cheek of the young lady. It quickens the blood and makes one feel "brand new."

Roller skating makes one graceful. While the feet seem only to be second-ary in roller skating the skates being the thing in this instance, nevertheless, experts maintain that skating constantly on the rollers teaches one how to walk after the skates have been taken off.

While the dancehall promoter looks upon the skating rink manager as his arch enemy, the fact is that roller skating makes better dancers of those who learn the former art. In other words, skating on rollers teaches one how to use his feet.

Roller skating, taken in moderate quantities, is helpful and healthful. This sounds like the language of the medicine advertisements, but it is true that the rollers make the old feel young and the young feel great.

Like all fascinating pastimes, roller skating can be made "too much of a good thing." Knowing when to quit is an art to be acquired, and necessarily so, for one could enjoy fairly all the benefits and pleasures of the sport.

Upon roller skates as the citizen of New Orleans looks upon the fever-infesting mosquito. He is the owner and proprietor of the St. Louis dance hall. The skates have almost made him non est. He is nearly out of business. Dances are infrequent. Everyone who is moving his feet these days is doing so on ball bearings. Instead of dancing parties it is skating parties. Not having the power of injunction, the dance-hall man has about resigned himself to his fate and only hopes that he may be able some day to own a skating rink.

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No one is of the opinion that roller skating has come to stay, but there is a strong belief that the St. Louis engagement of the new fad is playing an indefinite engagement, and it is a pretty safe bet that it will last all season, anyhow.

From Brooklyn bridge to the Golden Gate, from the shores of the Great Lakes to the delta of the Mississippi, in every town where there is a hall large enough and a floor slick enough, society folk and others have taken to wheels.

Not the rubber-tired wheels that support the giant motor cars, although automobiles are still popular, nor the bicycles which are long since out of date, nor the wheels commonly alluded to as material in the topmost part of the human anatomy, or, in other words, wheels in the head. None of these.

The little wheels that make up the major part of the roller skate are the things these days. The country has gone mad over roller skates, and St. Louis is in the front rank of the devotees to this latest edition of an old fad.

The persons who engaged in the simple and healthful pastime of roller skating twenty years ago would find the new skate vastly different from the old article. Lighter skates, steel wheels instead of wooden ones, and ball bearings instead of pin axles, make the modern roller skate a luxury, comforting and fascinating.

Getting one's skates on is no longer a vulgar phrase in the smart West End or Cabanne. Getting one's roller skates on is quite the proper thing. No fad that has ever come to St. Louis has caught on as has this one.

So intense is the interest in roller skating and the skating parties that naturally go with it, that the automobile has almost become secondary. It will surely take an obscure place a few weeks later, when the sleek comes and the gauge in the thermometer drops in the vicinity of the freezing point. It will then be too cold to "auto," while the steam-heated skating rinks will be at the pinnacle of their glory and profits.

Thousands of St. Louisans are rolling nightly over the glassy surfaces in three immense rinks, which are packed to capacity whether it rains or shines, as the showman would say.

The remarkable feature of the innovation is the manner in which the top-notch element has taken to the sport. On the Radiere avenue one can see automobiles lined up for a block's length on almost any evening. Private skating parties are becoming frequent, and it has come to that stage when the automobile parties count it a dull evening when, after a long spin over the county roads, with its accompaniment of Deputy Sheriffs and shotguns, if a halt isn't made at the rink and an hour or two given to the roller skates.

A gentleman, who helped to introduce